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EVENTIDE—REST.

MAY PITT ANDES.

When day's last gleam has faded,
And light is dim and low,
And night the day has shaded,
And hid the evening glow:
We shall pause—for needed rest—
From labors we have won,
For the Master knoweth best
When day and work is done.

When night and darkness hover
And stars their vigils keep,
And earth her eyelids cover
In sweet and peaceful sleep:
The angels will watch over,
Will keep us safe from harm,
And Morpheus linger, hover,
'Till daylight breaks the charm.

When light the night has broken
And darkness is no more,
And dawn displays its token
Of glory on the shore:
Our days will be the brighter,
With every changing ray,
And hearts will grow the lighter,
As sunshine fills the day.

When death our days have ended,
And life below is o'er,
And broken hearts are mended
Of griefs forevermore:
How bright will be the glory
Around the throne above,
For those who know the story
Of sacrifice and love.

Knoxville, Tenn.

THE WOODEN SHOE.

JUAN KINGSLEY.

TOWARD the end of September, 1832, it was announced among the artistic circles of Paris that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriously ill at the conclusion of a grand concert given by the illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimously ordered solitude, absolute repose, and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonniere. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening either retiring to the solitude of his apartment or joining in the games, music and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip in the drawing-room; three or four censorious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be."

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life; some love story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third; "Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organized in favor of the families who had suffered from the inundation at St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it, he fears that were he to mix in our society he might be asked for similar favors."

Paganini guessed pretty well how he was received by his fellow-boarders, but like Galileo of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with any one except Nicette. This was the housemaid who attended on him—a cheerful, innocent country girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette."

"O, yes! sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, sir, not precisely; but——"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises he has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of him."

"Ah! poor fellow! he has quitted me certainly, but it was not his fault."

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again," sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear, on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long, sallow fingers, as he said:

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank leaf:

"Mem. To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him:

"My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbors of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet and pass half an hour in turning over a volume of engravings or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavored with orange-flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of our Lord a custom exists in France very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties, with which he fills it. It is calculated that, one year with another, the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with 2,000,000 francs.

On the morning of the 24th of December four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his eau sucre, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered and announced that a porter had arrived with a case, directed to Sig. Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly a stout porter entered, bearing a good sized deal-box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "Fragile, with care." Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished this task without much difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong, brown paper and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared, and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well! be it so. We will see if we cannot find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dextrous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared that on New Year's eve Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on the violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were purchased by the elite of the beau monde, who during several months had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion; elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonniere, and expectation was on tiptoe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvelous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of its pristine form, and, his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then his stormy life in the camp and on the field of battle, and finally his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jewelled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, next to the door, Nicette was weeping [illegible] the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted. They amounted to 2,000 francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have 500 francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's traveling expenses."

Then; after a pause, he continued:

"But you will want something wherewith to commence housekeeping. Take this shoe-violin, or this violin-shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich amateur 6,000 francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

It is now, we believe, in the possession of an English nobleman, who was formerly British ambassador at Paris.

THE FIRST PROBLEM.

S. J. STONE, M. A.

Most strange!
Most queer—although so excellent a change!
Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear!
My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,
And, like my legs, are free;
No longer huddled up so pitiably.
Free now to pry and probe, and peep, and peer,
And make these mysteries out.
Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt?
For now in doubt undoubtedly I am;
This problem's very heavy on my mind,
And I'm not one to either shirk or sham;
I won't be blinded, and I won't be blind.

Now, let me see;
First, I would know how did I get in there?
Then, where was I of yore?
Besides, why didn't I get out before?
Dear me!
Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more)
Enough to give me pip upon the brain!
But let me think again.
How do I know I ever was inside?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry, miserable cell
As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't! How could I have lain,
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,
In there?

I meet the notion with profound disdain;
It's quite incredible; since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive)
What I can't understand I won't believe.
Where did I come from, then? Ah! where indeed!
This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.
I have it! Why, of course,
All things are moulded by some plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
Fortuitously concurrent anyhow.—
There, now!
That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear?
My mother cackling at me? Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant, I say;
So far behind the wisdom of the day.
What's old I can't revere.
Hark at her: "You're a silly chick, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack!
As is the piece of shell upon your back!"
How bigoted! upon my back, indeed!
I don't believe it's there,
For I can't see it; and I do declare,
For all her fond deceivin',
What I can't see, I never will believe in!

A SHADOW-WORLD.

HORTENSE BOOTH GILLESPIE.

From out the corners the sombre darkness creeps toward me, the long black fingers reaching out and laying a ghostly touch on my very spirit.

Shadows, shadows, everywhere, the faint flicker of the struggling fire but accentuating the gloom. Shadows in my heart, shadows over my life; pall-like, they crush me to the earth.

Over there the big old cabinet throws a mantle of darkness that falls like a weight exactly across my feet. I draw them away into the fire-light, and another corner of the mantle unfolds and envelopes them again, slowly, surely.

The spindle-legged Chippendale chair casts a spidery, quivering shadow that wavers and hesitates as though seeking its victim, then falls relentlessly across my shoulder. With a shudder I flinch away, only to be followed in ghoulish glee by the clutching, grasping fingers.

There is no escape; turn where I may, they accompany me, fit emblems of my sin and sorrow. Then another blot on the floor beside me, a solid, impassive mass that guards me from the brightness, my own sombre life, heavy and dark and gruesome.

Rising, I pace restlessly up and down, back and forth, but the shadow-sentinel keeps step evenly as I, and I sink back into the old arm-chair.

O, God! drive the shadows out! Let my life henceforth escape the blighting touch. I repent! I repent!

* * * * *

"Daddy, where's you?" and my little child enters. With the opening of the door a joyous little light slips in, and the shadows huddle back into the corners.

"O, Daddy, my pitty shadows come back," and at the imperious bidding they obediently fall into place—at her feet.

"Now, Daddy, I'll tell you 'bout 'em. This is the moon-shadow; see how big it is;" and the pall of darkness over my feet, as if ashamed, gently detaches itself and the pressure is lightened.

"This is the dance-shadow; see it, Daddy?" and the little arms push the bit of Chippendale here and there in merry glee, the waving sprites following her in gladsome motion, then stop at a respectful distance from me.

"This is Timmy-horse shadow, Daddy; it rides me;" and sure enough, astride one arm, the wee maid gallops merrily across the wall and back again, the old rocking-chair bearing her gallantly.

"And this is my tree-shadow, and this is a kitty-shadow;" flitting here and there, she lays her hands tenderly, gently on her friends in the shadow-world, and they nod and bow and caper and reverently caress her pretty curls and winsome form.

"O, Daddy, don't you love the shadow-time?"

And at the loving touch of a baby's hand my world is turned upside down, and shaken, then peopled anew.

* * * * *

O, tender little messenger from heaven! You laid your baby-touch on my life, and behold, I was well!

MISMATCHED MATES.

It is said that marriages are made in Heaven; but I am quite sure that were Heaven allowed to argue in its own defense, it would politely decline such responsibility. It is a time-honored adage, to be sure, but like many old, long-unquestioned theories in medicine, it is apt to fall to the ground upon receiving due attention, and certainly our faith in the infallibility of the heavenly powers would receive many a rude shock could we bring ourselves to believe that all the ill-assorted unions upon this earth were due to their mature deliberation and dispensation. Ouida was never on a better track than when she took 500 pages or so to illustrate the truth of the saying: "A young man married is a man that's marred," for undoubtedly to this fact alone is owing the unfortunate result of many matches. A man's ideal at 22 or 23 is in no way similar to that at 30, but at the former age, being young, hot-blooded, he falls in love with a pretty face and amiable disposition, proposes, and, if eligible, is accepted. During the next seven or eight years, if he be a man of intellect, he awakens slowly to the idea—being young he is not apt to be awakened at once—that the woman he has married, although she may be as pretty as ever, is in no way suited to him as a companion. Some men have forbearance and nobility enough to conceal from their wives the fact of their disappointment, but man is a selfish animal at best, and such exceptions are rare. Later on perhaps he meets the woman whom he recognizes as his equal in every respect, with whom he feels an entire sympathy of the brain as well as of the heart, a woman even prettier perchance than his wife—I am no defender of ugly women—and younger in years, though ages beyond in intellect and force of character—the woman, in short, in whom he recognizes his ideal.

There is no happiness in marriage unless there be entire intellectual sympathy and equality. A marriage founded on respect and admiration of mental powers is apt to turn out far better than that which has nothing but love for its foundation. Unfortunately very bright girls are not apt to attract men of or near their own age. Their brightness too often finds an outlet in sarcasm, a sharpness of repartee and perhaps a touch of pedantry. They recover from all this when they have seen more of the world and human nature; but it injures while it lasts, not only hiding the latent, undeveloped powers beneath, but what is worse, making the young men afraid of them. A moderately pretty, but thoroughly amiable girl, a girl who never gets into a temper or says disagreeable things, a girl in whose company one need make no effort and still not appear a fool, is apt to make far more havoc in a young man's heart than her clever sister. Her youthful admirer is attracted by her innocence, by her freshness, both of character and appearance, and imagines himself hopelessly, irretrievably in love. He marries in spite of the warning of his friends that he is "too young," is happy for a while in her unvarying sweetness of disposition, unless that, too, prove a delusion and a snare, and, later on, finds out his mistake. Perhaps as he grows older he realizes that he has abilities above the common, ambition develops itself, and, as his desire increases to make his name known among men, he finds himself hampered with a large family and a woman who has degenerated into a mere mother of his children, nothing more. Then he meets the woman who, if he had waited, would have been not only a companion but a help to him in the thousand ways in which a clever woman can help an ambitious, rising man, and he curses his luck. Therefore, it is not so bad a thing as mothers, especially, usually think, for a young man to fall in love with a married woman. He cannot marry her, no matter how much he would like to, and lack of possession keeping love alive for a considerable length of time, he does not recover from the attack until his character and experience are more matured. Then when he is ready to fall in love again he is more apt to know what he wants. It would not be a bad idea were there a law prohibiting any man marrying before he is 30, for not until then has he really arrived at years of discretion, whatever he may think to the contrary. I have heard mothers say that they would be glad to have their sons marry as soon as they became of age and while still unversed in the ways of the wicked world. But I doubt whether they are right. A man is bound to sow his wild oats at some period or other; if he does not in the beginning he most assuredly will later on. Every man must have his fling, and it is better to have it at once and be done with it. Moreover, when a man marries so young—even if, not possessing any particular mental capacity himself, he never discovers any inferiority in his wife—he is apt to get tired of her sooner than if he had waited several years before "settling down." He marries her while his experience of woman is limited and before he has a chance to be tired of all other vanities but the one he has chosen. He marries also merely because he is "in love," and before the pleasures of the world have ceased to be fresh and palatable to him.

After the first glamour has worn off he finds it possible to see beauties in other faces beside the particular one of which he is the happy possessor. He meets other women whom, if he could not love, he would at least like the opportunity of studying and of passing unlimited hours in their study unreproved. Also, he looks back with many a sigh of regret at his crop of wild oats but half sown, at the forbidden pleasures and thoroughly good times from which he has debarred himself for the sake of a milk-and-water prettiness, which is already beginning to wear off. Then, eventually, if he has money enough, he is bound to finish the sowing of that proverbial crop; he may wait twenty years, but finish it he will. If any one doubts the truth of this assertion let him look around at some of our illustrious contemporaries. Men who either married young, or else were forced to walk a chalk-line on account of poverty, now in the days of their wealth and gray hairs are madder and more disreputable than the worst of their sons.

AN OLD MAID.

Look at the list.

Elizabeth of England, one of the most illustrious of modern sovereigns. Her rule over Great Britain certainly comprised the most brilliant literary age of the English-speaking people. Her political acumen was certainly put to as severe tests as that of any other ruler that the world ever saw.

Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings that first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Waverly novels.

Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. The children of her busy brain were "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Scottish Chiefs," which have moved the hearts of millions with excitement and tears.

Joanna Baillie, poet and playwright, was "one of 'em."

Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of Inkerman and Balaklava hospitals, ever wrote Miss before her name.

Sister Dora, the brave spirit of English pesthouses, the wonder, the almost matchless, whose story is as a helpful evangel, was the bride of the world's sorrow only.

And then what names could the writer and the reader add of those whom the great world may not know but we know, and the little world of the village, the church, the family know and prize beyond all worlds. It is the "old maid" of the village who is ever first at the threshold of a stricken neighbor; who has no care for self and dreads no contagion, whose hand is skillful about the sick room, and whose eyes never seem to need sleep; who is full well known to be within the call of suffering far and near. It was she who baked the wedding cake, and ran her fond old feet off for you, miss, glad in your gladness as if it were her own wedding day. It is the old maid of the family who lives but for the convenience of others; and in every emergency the first thought of all her married sisters is: "Send for Ann." Did Ann ever fail to respond if she was able to crawl?

Who lingers at decrepit mother's side, and is like a staff in father's old hands? Who keeps the old hearth blazing and the old roof-tree from being sold "to settle up the estate?" Why, it is your old maid sister, sir, and madam. She yet tends the chickens and the ponies, and trains the ivy above the porch, till the ancient mansion is a very paradise of sweet tranquility.

There is something indescribably pathetic in the old maid's face. You seem to catch at times a passing gleam of some old hope: some far-off song, half sung, and never to be finished, echoes in her voice; a face mayhap forgotten by every one but her seems at intervals before her meditative gaze, and is swiftly hid as you enter.

It is not true that all women were created for wives, any more than it is true that all men were made for husbands. Since the world stood there have been unmated among both sexes.

Can there be a greater fool than she who marries for the sake of being married?—who marries because she is "getting round the corner and it is time"?—or because "all her friends are being married off, and she dreads to be left alone"?—or who marries "to get a support," in this free land of plenty and many open doors to women's industry? Poor dazed creatures, taking up with the next pair of pantaloons and waistcoat that offers, "before they get round the last corner," aged thirty-five!

But the genuine old maid is not of such poor stuff. She knows her own worth; she has counted the stored wealth of her true woman's heart, and she has made high resolve not to bestow that wealth without some adequate return. She is right; and generally one of her married sisters, sooner or later, comes to whisper, "Ann, you were wiser than I." Poor thing!

What a chimera, then, is man! What a novelty, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy! A judge of all things, feeble worm of the earth, depository of the truth, cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory and the shame of the universe.—Pascal.

Berlin is one of the least noisy cities of Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. Strangest of all, piano playing is regulated in Berlin, silence being required within certain hours.

It was Cervantes who said, "every man is as heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse."

An observant writer says: Half the men you meet are carrying the watches they gave their wives before marriage.